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THE INTERLUDE
OF
THE FOUR ELEMENTS:

AN EARLY MORAL PLAY.

EDITED BY
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LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY.,
BY RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

No. LXXIV.

JAN. 1848.

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PREFACE.

THE curious interlude, reprinted in the following pages, is one of the earliest moral plays in the English language known to exist, and it possesses an interest beyond its connexion with the history of the stage, as being the only dramatic piece extant in which science is attempted to be made popular through the medium of theatrical representation. Only one copy of it is known to exist, but that is unfortunately imperfect, a sheet in the middle and the concluding leaves being lost, so that we are left without the means of giving the reader much information respecting it. On the other hand, while this circumstance must excuse the brevity of these preliminary observations, its singularity and extreme rarity offered additional inducements for selecting it for republication.

An allusion to the discovery of the West Indies and America, "within this twenty year," would appear to ascertain the date of the composition of the play, but I suspect, from internal evidence, the

form and manner of its dialogue, that it was not written so early as some authors have supposed; Dr. Dibdin assigning 1510 to the period of its appearance. The same writer considers it to be a production of Rastall's press, and it has been stated, on somewhat doubtful authority, that the printer was also the author; a combination that has seldom effected much service, and has too frequently deteriorated the efforts of both. Be this as it may, no great talent is displayed in the construction of the following piece, the value of which must be allowed to consist in the curious illustration it affords of the phraseology and popular scientific knowledge of the day, and its curiosity as a link in the history of the drama, rather than in any intrinsic merits of its own.

It is only necessary to add, that the play was rather carelessly printed, and a few very obvious errors have been corrected. With these exceptions, the following pages present a faithful copy of the original, a very small octavo volume in black letter.

AN INTERLUDE OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS.

A new Interlude and a mery, of the nature of the iiij. Elementes, declarynge many proper poyntes of Philosophy Naturall, and of Dyvers Straunge Landys, and of Dyvers Straunge Effectes and Causis; whiche Interlude, yf the hole matter be playd, wyl conteyne the space of an hour and a halfe, but, yf ye lyst, ye may leve out muche of the sad mater, as the Messengers parte, and some of Naturys parte, and some of Experyens parte, and yet the matter wyl depend convenyently, and than it wyll not be paste thre quarters of an hour of length.

Here folow the namys of the Pleyers.

The Messengere, Nature Naturae, Humanyté, Studyous Desire, Sensuall Appetyte, the Taverner, Experyence, Yngnoraunce: also, yf ye lyst, ye may brynge in a Dysgysynge.

Here folow dyvers matters whiche be in this Interlude conteynyed.

Of the sytuacyon of the iiij. elementes, that is to sey, the Yerth, the Water, the Ayre, and Fyre, and of

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their qualytese and propertese, and of the generacyon and corrupcyon of thynges made of the commyxton of them.

Of certeyn conclusions provynge that the yerth must nedes be rounde, and that it hengyth in the myddes of the fyrmament, and that it is in circumference above xxj.m. myle.

Of certeyn conclusions provynge that the see lyeth rounde uppon the yerth.

Of certeyne poyntes of cosmography, as how and where the see coveryth the yerth, and of dyvers straunge regyons and landys, and whiche wey they lye, and of the new founde landys, and the maner of the people.

Of the generacyon and cause of stone and metall, and of plantis and herbys.

Of the generacyon and cause of well sprynges, and ryvers; and of the cause of hote fumys that come out of the yerth; and of the cause of the bathys of water in the yerth whiche be perpetually hote.

Of the cause of the ebbe and flode of the see.

Of the cause of rayne, snowe, and hayle.

Of the cause of the wyndys and thonder.

Of the cause of the lyghtnyng, of blasyng sterrys, and flamys fleyng in the ayre.

THE MESSENGER.

Thaboundant grace of the power devyne,
Whiche doth illumyne the world invyron,
Preserve this audyence and cause them to inclyne

To charyté, this is my petycyon;
For by your pacyens and supportacyon
A lytyll interlude, late made and preparyd,
Before your presence here shall be declaryd,
Whiche of a few conclusyons is contrivyd,
And poyntes of phylosophy naturall;
But though the matter be not so well declaryd
As a great clerke coude do, nor so substancyall,
Yet the auctour hereof requiryth you all,
Though he be yngnorant, and can lytyll skyll,
To regarde his only intent and good wyll,
Whiche in his mynde hath oft tymes ponderyd,
What nombre of bokes in our tonge maternall
Of toyes and tryfellys be made and impryntyd,
And few of them of matter substancyall;
For though many make bokes, yet unneth ye shall
In our Englyshe tonge fynde any warkes
Of connynge, that is regardyd by clerkes.
The Grekes, the Romainys, with many other mo,
In their moder tonge wrot warkes excellent.
Than yf clerkes in this realme wolde take payn so,
Consyderyng that our tonge is now suffycient
To expoun any hard sentence evydent,
They myght, yf they wolde, in our Englyshe tonge
Wryte workys of gravityté somtyme amonge ;
For dyvers prengnaunt wyttes be in this lande,
As well of noble men as of meane estate,
Whiche nothyng but Englyshe can understande.
Than yf connynge Laten bokys were translate
Into Englyshe, wel correct and approbate,

All subtell sciens in Englyshe myght be lernyd
As well as other people in their owne tonges dyd.
But now so it is that in our Englyshe tonge
Many one there is that can but rede and wryte,
For his pleasure wyll oft presume amonge
New bokys to comyle and balates to indyte,
Some of love or other matter, not worth a myte:
Some to opteyn favour wyll flatter and glose,
Some wryte curyous termes nothyng to purpose.
Thus every man after his fantasies
Wyll wryte his conseyte, be it never so rude,
Be it vertuous, vycyous, wysedome or foly ;
Wherefore to my purpose thus I conclude,
Why shold not than the auctour of this interlude
Utter his owne fantasy and conseyte also,
As well as dyvers other now a dayes do ?
For wysedome and foly is as it is takyn,
For the one callyth wysedome, another callyth foly,
Yet amonge moste folke that man is holdyn
Moste wyse, whiche to be ryche studyeth only ;
But he that for a commyn welth bysyly
Studyeth and laboryth, and lyvyth by Goddes law,
Except he wax ryche, men count hym but a daw !
So he that is ryche is ever honouryd,
Although he have got it never so falsely,
The pore beynge never so wyse is reprovyd ;
This is the oppynyon moste commynly
Thorowe out the worlde, and yet no reason why ;
Therefore, in my mynd, whan that all suche dawis
Have babelyd what they can, no force of ij. strawis !

For every man in reason thus ought to do,
To labour for his owne necessary lyvyng,
And than for the welth of his neyghbour also ;
But what dyvylish mynd have they, which musing
And labouryng all their lyffes, do no other thyng
But bringe ryches to their owne possessyon,
Nothyng regardinge their neyghbours distruccion ;
Yet all the ryches in the worlde that is,
Rysyth of the grounde by Goddys sendynge,
And by the labour of pore mennys handys ;
And though thou, ryche man, have therof the kepyng,
Yet is not this ryches of thy gettyng,
Nor oughtyst not in reason to be preysyd the more,
For by other mennys labour it is got before.
A great wytted man may sone be enrychyd,
That laboryth and studyeth for ryches only,
But how shall his conscyens than be discharged ?
For all clerkes afferme that that man presysely,
Whiche studyeth for his owne welth pryncypally,
Of God shall deserve but lytyll rewarde,
Except he the commyn welth somewhat regarde ;
So they sey that that man occupied is
For a commyn welth, whiche is ever laborynge
To releve pore people with temporall goodys,
And that it is a commyn good act to brynge
People from vyce and to use good lyvyng ;
Lyke wyse for a commyn welth occupyd is he,
That bryngyth them to knowledge that yngnorant be ;
But man to knowe God is a dyfficulté,
Except by a meane he hymselfe inure,

Whiche is to knowe Goddes creaturys that be ;
As furst them that be of the grosyst nature,
And than to know them that be more pure,
And so by lytyll and lytyll ascendynge,
To know Goddes creaturys and mervelous werkinge,
Amd this wyse man at the last shall come to
The knowlege of God and his hye magesté, ...
And so to lerne to do his dewté, and also
To deserve of his goodnes partener to be :
Wherefore in this work declaryd shall ye see,
Furst of the elementis the sytuacyon,
And of their effectis the cause and generacyon ;
And though some men thynke this matter to hye,
And not mete for an audyence unlernyd,
Methynke for man nothyng more necessary
Than this to know, though it be not usyd,
Nor a matter more lowe can not be arguyd ;
For though the elementis Goddys creaturis be,
Yet they be most grose and lowyst in degré :
How dare men presume to be callyd clerkes,
Dysputyng of hye creaturis celestyall,
As thyngys invysyble and Goddes hye warkys,
And know not these vysyble thyngys inferyall ?
So they wolde know hye thinges, and know nothyng at all
Of the yerth here wheron they dayly be,
Nother the nature, forme, nor quantyté ;
Wherefore it semyth nothyng convenient
A man to study, and his tyme to bestowe,
Furst for the knowlege of hye thynges excellent,
And of lyght matters beneth nothyng to know,

As of these iiij. elementis here below,
 Whose effectis dayly appere here at eye,
 Such thinges to know furst were most mete study :
 Whiche matter before your presence shortly
 In this interlude here shall be declaryd
 Without great eloquence ; I ryme rudely,
 Because the compyler is but small lernyd.
 This worke with rethoryk is not adournyd,
 For perhappis in this matter muche eloquence
 Sholde make it tedyous or hurt the sentence ;
 But because some folke be lytyll disposyd
 To sadnes, but more to myrth and sport,
 This phylosophycall work is myxyd
 With mery conseytis to gyve men comfort,
 And occasyon to cause them to resort
 To here this matter, wherto yf they take hede
 Some lernynge to them therof may procede.
 But they that shall nowe this matter declare
 Openly here unto this audyence,
 Beholde, I prey you, see where they are ;
 The pleyers begyn to appere in presence ;
 I se well it is tyme for me go hens,
 And so I wyll do ; therfore now shortly
 To God I commyt all this hole company.

*Hic intrat Natura Naturata, Humanyté, and Studyous
 Desire, portans figuram.*

NATURA NATURATA.

The hye myghty, most excellent of all,
 The fountayn of goodnes, verteu and connyng,

Whiche is eterne of power most potencyall,
The perfeccyon and furst cause of every thyng,
I meane that only hye nature naturynge ;
Lo, he by his goodnes hath ordeynyd and create
Me here his mynyster, callyd Nature Naturate.
Wherfore I am the verrey naturate nature,
The immediatte mynyster for the preservacyon
Of every thinge in his kynde to endure,
And cause of generacyon and corrupecyon
Of that thyng that is brought to distruccyon :
Another thyng styll I brynge forth agayne,
Thus wondersly I worke and never in vayne.
The great world beholde lo devydyd wondersly
Into two regions, wherof on I call
The etheriall region, with the hevyns hye,
Conteynynge the planetlys, sterris and speris all ;
The lower region callyd the elementall,
Conteynynge these iiij. elementis beloo,
The fyre, the ayre, the water and yerth also.
But yet the elementis and other bodyes all
Beneth take theyr effectys and operacyons
Of the bodyes in the region etherall ;
By theyr influens and constellacyons,
They cause here corrupecyons and generacyons :
For yf the movynges above sholde onys cease,
Beneth sholde be nother increse nor decrease.
These elementis of themselfe so syngle be
Unto dyvers formys can not be devydyd,
Yet they commyx togyder dayly, ye see,
Wherof dyvers kyndes of thynges be ingenderyd,

Whiche thynges eftsonys, whan they be corruptyd,
Yche element I reduce to his furst estate,
So that nothyng can be utterly adnychelate.
For though the forme and facyon of any thyng
That is a corporall body be destroyed,
Yet every matter remaynyth in his beyng,
Wherof it was furst made and formyd;
For corrupcyon of a body commyxyd
Ys but the resolucyon by tyme and space
Of every element to his owne place;
For who that wyll take any body corporall,
And do what he can it to distroy,
To breke it or grynde it into pouder small,
To washe, to drown, to bren it, or to dry,
Yet the ayre and fyre therof naturally
To their owne proper places wyll ascende,
The water to the water, the yerth to the yerth tende;
For yf hete or moysture of any thyng certayne
By fyre or be water be consumyd,
Yet yerth or ashes on yerth wyll remayne,
So the elementis can never be destroyed.
For essencyally ther is now at this tyde
As muche fyre, ayre, water, yerth, as was
Ever before this tyme, nether more nor las;
Wherfore thou, man, now I speke to the,
Remembre that thou art compound and create
Of these elementis, as other creaturis be,
Yet they have not all lyke noble estate,
For plantis and herbys growe and be insensate,
Brute bestis have memory and their wyttes fyve,

But thou hast all those and soule intellectuall;
 So by reason of thyne understandynge,
 Thou hast domynyon of other bestis all,
 And naturally thou sholdyst desire connyng,
 To knowe straunge effectes and causys naturall;
 For he that studyeth for the lyfe bestyall,
 As voluptuous pleasure and bodely rest,
 I account hym never better than a best.

HUMANYTE.

O excellent prynce, and great lorde Nature,
 I am thyne owne chylde and formyd instrument;
 I beseeche thy grace take me to thy cure,
 And teche me suche scyens thou thinkyst expedyent.

NATURE.

Than syth thou art so humble and benevolent,
 That thyng that is mete for thy capasyté
 And good for thy knowlege I shall instructe the:
 Furst of all thou must consyder and see
 These elementis, whiche do yche other penetrate,
 And by contynuall alteracyon they be
 Of themselfe dayly corruptyd and generate.
 The yerth as a poynt or center is sytuate
 In the myddes of the worlde, with the water joyned,
 With the ayre and fyre rounde and hole invyronyd:
 The yerth of itselfe is ponderous and hevy,
 Colde and dry of his owne nature proper;
 Some parte lyeth dry contynually,
 And parte therof coveryd over with water,
 Some with the salt see, some with freshe ryver,

Whiche yerth and the water togyder with all
So joynyd make a rounde fygure sperycall :
So the water whiche is colde and moyst is founde
In and uppon the yerth fyllynge the holones,
In dyvers partis, liynge with the yerth rounde,
Yet the hyllys and mounteyns of the yerth excesse
Take nothyng of hit away the roundnes,
In comparyson bycause they be so small,
No more than the prikkes do that be on a gall.
The ayre whiche is hote and moyst also,
And the fyre whiche is ever hote and dry,
About the yerth and water joyntly they go,
And compasse them every where orbicularly,
As the whyte aboute the yolke of an egg doth lye;
But the ayre in the lower parte moste remaynyth,
The fyre naturally to the hyer tendyth.
The etheryall region whiche conteynyth
The sterrys, and planettyes, and every spere,
About the elementis dayly movyth,
And coveryth them rounde about every where:
Every sterre and spere in straunge maner
Upon his owne poles movyth dyversly,
Whiche now to declare were to longe to tary.
The fyre and the ayre of their naturys be lyght,
Therefore they move by naturall providence;
The water bycause it is ponderous in weyght
Movyth not naturally, but by vyolence
Of the sterris and planettes, by whose influence
The see is compellyd to ebbe and flowe dayly,
And freshe waters to sprynge contynually;

And though that the water be grose and hevvy,
Yet nothyng so grose as the yerth I wys,
Therefore by hete it is vaporyd up lyghtly,
And in the ayre makyth cloudys and mystes:
But as sone as ever that it grosely is
Gederyd togyder, it descendyth agayn,
And causyth uppon the yerth hayle, snow, and rayne:
The yerth because of his ponderosyté,
Avoydyth equally the movynges great
Of all extremytés and sperys that be,
And tendyth to the place that is most quiet;
So in the myddys of all the sperys is set
Formast abject from all maner movyng,
Where naturally he restyth and movyth nothyng.
Marke well now how I have the shewyd and tolde
Of every element the very sytuacyon
And qualyté, wherfore this fygure beholde
For a more manyfest demonstracyon;
And bycause thou sholdyst not put to oblyvyon
My doctryne, this man callyd Studyous Desire
With the shall have contynuall habytacyon,
The styll to exhort more scyens to adquire.
For the more that thou desyrest to know any thyng,
Therin thou semyst the more a man to be,
For that man that desireth no maner connyng,
All that wyle no better than a best is he.
Why ben the eyes made, but only to see,
The leggys to bere the body of a creature,
So every thyng is made to do his nature:
So lykewyse reason, wit, and understandyng,

Ys gyven to the, man, for that thou sholdyst indede
 Knowe thy Maker and cause of thyne owne beynge,
 And what the worlde is, and wherof thou doest procede;
 Wherefore it behovyth the of verey nede
 The cause of thynges furst for to lerne,
 And than to knowe and laude the hye God eterne.

HUMANYTE.

O glorious lorde and prynce moste plesant,
 Greatly am I now holdyn unto the,
 So to illumyne my mynd that was yngnorant
 With such noble doctryne as thou has here shewed me;
 Wherefore I promyse, uppon my fydelyté,
 My dylygence to do to kepe in memory,
 And the for to honour styll perpetually.

STUDYOUS DESIRE.

And syth it hath pleasyd thy grace to admyt
 Me uppon this man to gyve attendaunce,
 With thy doctryne here shewyd I shall quikkyn his wyt,
 And dayly put hym in remembraunce;
 His courage and desyre I shall also inhaunce,
 So that his felycyté shall be most of all
 To study and to serche for causys naturall.

NATURE.

Well, than, for a season I wyll departe,
 Levyng you togyder here both twayne;
 What I have shewid, man, prynt well in thyne hert,
 And marke well this fygyre that here shall remayne,

Wherby thou maist perceyve many thynges more playn
Concernynge the matter I spake of before;
And whan that I shall resort here agayne,
Of hye poyntes of connynge I shall shew the more.

STUDYOUS DESIRE.

Now, Humanyté, call to your memory
The connynge poyntes that Nature hath declaryd,
And though he have shewed dyvers pointes and many
Of the elementis so wondersly formed,
Yet many other causys there are wolde be lernyd,
As to knowe the generacyon of thynges all
Here in the yerth, how they be ingendryd,
As herbys, plantys, well sprynges, ston, and metall.

HUMANYTE.

Those thynges to knowe for me be full expedient,
But yet in those poyntes whiche Nature late shewyd me,
My mynde in them as yet is not content,
For I can no maner wyse parceyve nor see,
Nor prove by reason why the yerth sholde be
In the myddes of the fyrmament hengyng so small,
And the yerth with the water to be rounde withall.

STUDYOUS DESIRE.

Me thynkyth myselfe as to some of those pointes
I coude gyve a suffycient solucyon;
For, furst of all, thou must nedys graunt this,
That the yerth is so depe and botom hath none,
Or els there is some grose thyng hit stondyth upon,

Or els that it hangyth, thou must nedes consent,
Evyne in the myddes of the fyrmament.

HUMANYTE.

What than? go forth with thyne argument.

STUDYOUS DESIRE.

Than marke well, in the day or in a wynters nyght,
The sone, and mone, and sterris celestyall,
In the est furst they do apere to thy syght,
And after in the west they do downe fall,
And agayne in the morowe next of all,
Within xxiiij. houres they become just
To the est pointee again where thou sawist them furst.
Than yf the erthe shulde be of endles depnes,
Or shulde stande upon any other grose thyng,
It shulde be an impedymēt dowlles
To the sone, mone, and sterris in theyr movynge;
Therefore in reason it semyth moste convenyent
The yerth to hange in the myddes of the fyrmament.

HUMANYTE.

Thyne argument in that poynt doth me confounde,
That thou hast made, but yet it provyht not ryght
That the yerth by reason shulde be rounde;
For though the fyrmament with his sterris bryght
Compas aboute the yerth eche day and nyght,
Yet the yerthe may be playne, peradventure,
Quadrant, triangle, or some other fygure.

STUDYOUSE DESYRE.

That it cannot be playne I shall well prove the,
 Because the sterris that aryse in the oryent
 Appere more soner to them that there be,
 Than to the other dwellynge in the occident.
 The eclypse is therof a playne experymente,
 Of the sone or mone, which, whane it dothe fall,
 Is never one tyme of the day in placys all;
 Yet the eclyps generally is alwaye
 In the hole worlde as one tyme beynge;
 But whan we that dwell here see it in the mydday,
 They in the west partis see it in the mornynge,
 And they in the est beholde it in the evenyng;
 And why that sholde so be no cause can be found,
 But onely by reason that the yerthe is rownde.

HUMANYTE.

That reason proveth the yerth at the lest
 One wayes to be rownde I cannot gaynesay,
 As for to accompt frome the est to the west;
 But yet not withstondynge all that, it may
 Lese hys rowndenesse by some other waye.

STUDYOUS DESYRE.

Na, no dowte yt is rownde everywhere,
 Which I coude prove, thou shoudest not say nay,
 Yf I had therto any tyme and lesen;
 But I knowe a man callyd Experyens,
 Of dyvers instrumentys is never without,
 Cowde prove all these poyntys, and yet by his scyens
 Can tell how many myle the erthe is abowte,

And many other straunge conclusions no dowte
His instrumentys cowde shew the so certayn,
That every rude carter shold them persayve playn.

Hu. Now wolde to God I had that man now here
For the contemblacyon of my mynde !

Stu. Yf ye wyll, I shall for hym enquire,
And brynge hym heder yf I can hym fynde.

Hu. Then myght I say ye were to me ryght kynde.

Stu. I shall assay, by God that me dere bought,
For cunnyng is the thyng that wolde be sought.

Sen. Well hytt, quod Hykman, when that he smot
Hys wyffe on the buttockes with a bere pott.

Aha ! now god evyn, fole, god evyn !

It is even the knave that I mene.

Hast thou done thy babelyng ?

Stu. Ye, peradventure, what then ?

Sen. Than hold downe thy hede lyke a prety man, and
take my blyssyng.

Benedicite ! I graunt to the this pardon,

And gyve the absolucion

For thy soth saws ; stande up, Jackdaw !

I, beshrew thy faders sone,

Make rome, syrs, and let us be mery,

With huffa galand, synge tyrll on the bery,

And let the wyde worlde wynde !

Synge fryska joly, with hey troly loiy,

For I se well it is but a foly

For to have a sad mynd :

For rather than I wolde use suche foly,

To pray, to study, or be pope holy,

C

I had as lyf be ded.
By goggys body I tell you trew!
I speke as I thynke now, els I beshrew
Evyn my next felowes hed!
Master Humanyté, syr, be your leve
I were ryght loth you to greve,
Though I do hym dyspyse;
For yf ye knewe hym as well as I,
Ye wolde not use his company,
Nor love hym in no wyse.

Hu. Syr, he looketh lyke an honest man,
Therfore I merveyll that ye can
This wyse hym deprave.

Sen. Though he loke never so well,
I promyse you he hath a shrewde smell.

Hu. Why so? I prey you tell.

Sen. For he saveryth lyke a knave.

St. Holde your pease, syr, ye mystake me!
What, I trowe, that ye wolde make me
Lyke to one of your kyn.

Sen. Harke, syrs, here ye not how boldly
He callyth me knave agayne by polycy?
The devyll pull of his skyn!
I wolde he were hangyd by the throte,
For by the messe I love hym not,
We two can never agre;
I am content, syr, with you to tary,
And I am for you so necessary,
Ye can not lyve without me.

Hu. Why, syr, I say, what man be ye?

Sen. I am callyd Sensuall Apetyte,
All craturs in me delyte ;
I comferte the wyttys fyve,
The tastyng, smellyng, and herynge ;
I refresh the syght and felynge
To all creaturs alyve.
For whan the body wexith hongry,
For lacke of fode, or ellys thursty,
Than with drynkes plesaund
I restore hym out of payne,
And oft refresshe nature agayne
With delycate vyand.
With plesaunde sounde of armonye
The herynge alwaye I satysfy,
I dare this well reporte ;
The smellynge with swete odour,
And the syght with plesaunte fygour
And colours I comferte ;
The felynge, that is so plesaunte,
Of every member, fote, or hande,
What pleasure therin can be
By the towchyng of soft and harde,
Of hote or colde, nought in regarde,
Excepte it come by me.

Hu. Than I cannot see the contrary,
But ye are for me full necessary,
And ryght conveyent.

Stu. Ye, syr, beware, yet, what ye do,
For yf you forsake my company so,
Lord Nature wyll not be contente.

Of hym ye shall never lerne good thyng,
Nother vertu nor no other connynge,
This dare I well say.

Sen. Mary, avaunt, knave! I thee defye!
Dyde Nature forbyde hym my company?
What sayst thou therto? Speke openly.

Hu. As for that I know well nay.

Sen. No, by God! I am ryght sure;
For he knoweth well no creature
Without me can lyve one day.

Hu. Syr, I pray you be contente,
It is not utterly myne intente
Your company to exyle;
But onely to have communycacyon,
And a pastyme of recreacyon
With this man for a whyle.

Stu. Well, for your pleasure I wyll departe.

Hu. Now go, knave, go! I beshrew thy hart!
The devyll sende the forwarde!

Sen. Now, by my trouth, I mervell gretly
That ever ye wolde use the company
So myche of suche a knave;
For yf ye do no nother thyng,
But ever study and to be musynge,
As he wolde have you, it wyll you brynge
At the last unto your grave!
Ye shulde ever study pryncypall
For to comfort your lyfe naturall,
With metis and drynkes delycate,
And other pastymes and pleasures amonge,

Daunsynge, laughynge, or plesaunt songe;
This is mete for your estate.

Hu. Because ye sey so, I you promyse
That I have musyd and studyed such wyse,
Me thynketh my wyttes wery;
My nature desyreth some refresshyng,
And also I have ben so longe fastynge,
That I am somewhat hongry.

Sen. Well than, wyll ye go weth me
To a taverne, where ye shall se
Good pastaunce, and at your lyberté
Have what so ever ye wyll?

Hu. I am content so for to do,
Yf that ye wyll not fro me go,
But kepe me company styll.

Sen. Company, quod a? then that I shall poynt devyse,
And also do you good and trew service,
And therto I plyght my trouthe!
And yf that I ever forsake you,
I pray God the devyl take you!

Hu. Mary, I thanke you for that othe!

Sen. A myschyfe on it! my tonge, loo,
Wyll tryp somtyme, whatsoever I do,
But ye wot that I mene well.

Hu. Ye, no force! let this matter passe;
But seydest evin now thou knewyst where was
A good taverne to make solas?
Where is that? I prey the tell.

Sen. Mary, at the dore evyn hereby;
Yf we call any thyng on hye,

The taverner wyll answere.

Hu. I prey the, than, call for hym nowe.

Sen. Mary I wyll! How, taverner, how!

Why doste thou not appere?

Taverner.

Who is that calleth so hastely?

I shrew thyne hert, speke softly;

I tell the I am not here.

Sen. Than I beshrew the, page, of thyne age!

Come hyther, knave, for thyne avauntage;

Why makyst thou hit so tow?

Ta. For myne avauntage, mary, than I come.

Beware, syrs, how, let me have rome!

Lo, here I am! what seyst thou?

Sen. Mary, thus; here is a gentylman, I say,

That nother ete nor dranke this day;

Therfor tell me, I the praye,

Yf thou have any good wyne.

Ta. Ye shall have Spayneshe wyne and Gascoyn,

Rose coloure, whyt, claret, rampyon,

Tyre, capryck, and malvesyne,

Sak, raspyce, alycaunt, rumney,

Greke, ipocrase, new made clary,

Suche as ye never had;

For yf ye drynke a draught or too,

Yt wyll make you, or ye thens go,

By gogges body starke madde!

Sen. I wot thou art not without good wyne;

But here is a gentylman hath lyst to dyne,

Canst thou get hym any good mete?

Ta. What mete, mayster, wolde ye have?

Hu. I care not, so God me save,

So that it be holsome to ete;

I wolde we had a good stewyd capon.

Sen. As for capons ye can gette none,

The kyngys taker toke up eche one;

I wot well there is none to get.

Ta. Though all capons be gone, what than?

Yet I can get you a stewed hen,

That is redy dyght.

Hu. Yf she be fat, yt wyll do well.

Ta. Fat or lene I cannot tell,

But as for this, I wot well

She lay at the stewes all nyght.

Hu. Thou art a mad gest, be this lyght!

Sen. Ye syr, it is a felow that never faylys:

But canst get my mayster a dyshe of quales,

Smal byrdes, swallowes, or wagtayles,

They be lyght of dygestyon?

Ta. Lyght of dygestyon! for what reason?

Sen. For physyk puttyth this reason therto,

Bycause those byrdes fle to and fro

And be contynuall movynge.

Ta. Then know I a lyghter mete than that.

Hu. I pray the tell me what.

Ta. Yf ye wyll nedys know at short and longe,

It is evyn a womans tounge,

For that is ever sterynge!

Hu. Syr, I pray the let suche fanteses be,

And come heder nere and harke to me,

And do after my byddynge.

Goo purvey us a dyner evyn of the moste
Of all maner of dysshes both sod and roste,
That thou canst get, spare for no coste,
Yf thou make thre course.

Ta. Than ye get nother gose nor swane,
But a dyshe of dreggys, a dyshe of brane,
A dysshe of draffe, and I trowe than
Ye can not get thre worse!

Hu. What, horson ! woldyst thou purvey
Bran, draffe, and stynkyng dregges, I sey ;
I holde the mad, I trowe.

Ta. Gogges Passyon ! sayd ye not thus,
That I shulde purvey you thre course dysshes,
And these be course inowe !

Hu. Thre course dysshes, quod a ?
What, mad fole ! thou mystakest me clene !
I se well thou wotest not what I mene,
And understandyst amys ;
I mene this wyse, I wolde have the
To purvey mete so great plenté,
That thou sholdyst of necessity
Serve them at thre coursys.
That is to understande at one worde,
Thou shuldest brynge them unto the borde
At thre severall tymes.

Ta. What than, I se well ye wyll make a feste.

Hu. Ye by the rode ! evyn with the grettest.

Sen. By my trouth, than do ye best
Evyn after my mynde ;

But ye must have more company.

Hu. That is trewe, and so wolde I gladly,
If I knewe any to fynde.

Sen. Why, wyll ye folowe my counsell?

Hu. Ye.

Sen. Than we wyll have lytell Nell,
A proper wenche, she daunsith well,
And Jane with the blacke lace ;
We wyll have Bounsynghe Besse also,
And two or thre proper wenchis mo,
Ryght feyr and smotter of face.

Hu. Now be it so! thou art saunce pere.

Ta. Than I perceyve ye wyll make gode chere.

Hu. Why, what shulde I els do ?

Ta. If ye thynke so best, than wyll I
Go before, and make all thyng redy
Agayne ye come therto.

Hu. Mary, I prey the do so.

Ta. Than, farewell, syrs ; for I am gone.

Hu. And we shall folow the anon,
Without any taryng.

Sen. Than it is best, syr, ye make hast,
For ye shall spende here but tyme in wast,
And do no nother thyng.

Hu. Yf ye wyll, let us goo by and by.

Sen. I pray you be it, for I am redy,
No man better wylllynge.

Exeat Sen. et Hu. Intrat Experiens et Stu.

Now, cosyn Experyens, as I may say,

Ye are ryght welcom to this contrey,
Without any faynyng.

Ex. Syr, I thanke you therof hertely,
And I am as glad of your company,
As any man lyvyng.

Stu. Syr, I understonde that ye have be
In many a straunge countree,
And have had grete fylcycyé
Straunge causes to seke and fynde.

Ex. Ryght farr, syr, I have ridden and gone,
And seen straunge thynges many one,
In Affryk, Europe, and Ynde ;
Bothe est and west I have ben farr,
North also, and seen the sowth sterr
Bothe by see and lande,
And ben in sondry nacyons,
With peple of dyvers condycyons,
Marvelous to understonde.

Stu. Syr, yf a man have suche corage,
Or devocyon in pylgrymage,
Jheruzalem unto,
For to accompt the nexte way,
How many myle is it, I you pray,
From hens theder to goo?

Ex. Syr, as for all suche questyons,
Of townes to know the sytuacyon,
How ferr they be asunder,
And other poyntes of cosmogryfy,
Ye shall never lerne them more surely
Then by that fugure yonder ;

For who that fygure dyd fyrst devyse,
 It semeth well he was wyse,
 And perfect in this scyens :
 For bothe the se and lande also
 Lye trew and just as they sholde do,
 I know by experyens.

Stu. Who, thynke you, brought here this fygure?

Ex. I wot not.

Stu. Certes, lorde Nature
 Hymselfe not longe agone,
 Whiche was here personally
 Declarynge hye phylosophy,
 And lafte this fygure purposely
 For Humanytes instruccyon.

Ex. Downtles ryght nobly done.

Stu. Syr, this realme ye knou is callid Englande,
 Somtyme Brettayne, I understonde ;
 Therefore, I prey you, point with your hande
 In what place it shulde lye.

Ex. Syr, this ys Ynglande lyenge here,
 And that is Skotlande that joyneth hym nere,
 Compassyd aboute every where
 With the occian see rownde ;
 And next from them westwardly,
 Here by hymselfe, alone doth ly
 Irelande, that holsome grounde.
 Here than is the narowe seey,
 To Calyce and Boleyne the next wey,
 And Flaunders in this parte :
 Here lyeth Fraunce next hym joynynge,

And Spayne southwarde from thens standynge,
And Portyngale in this quart.
This contrey is callyd Italye,
Beholde where Rome in the myddes doth ly,
And Naples here beyonde;
And this lytell see that here is
Is callyd the Gulfe of Venys,
And here Venys doth stande.
As for Almayne lyeth this way;
Here lyeth Denmarke and Norway;
And northwarde on this syde
There lyeth Iselonde, where men do fyshe,
But beyonde that so colde it is,
No man may there abyde.
This see is called the Great Occyan,
So great it is that never man
Coude tell it sith the worlde began;
Tyll now, within this xx. yere,
Westwarde be founde new landes,
That we never harde tell of before this
By wrytynge nor other meanys,
Yet many now have ben there;
And that contrey is so large of rome,
Muche lenger than all Cristendome,
Without fable or gyle;
For dyvers maryners had it tryed,
And sayled streyght by the coste syde
Above v. thousande myle!
But what commodytes be wythin
No man can tell nor well imagin,

But yet not longe ago
Some men of this contrey went,
By the kynges noble consent,
It for to serche to that entent,
And coude not be brought therto ;
But they that were they venteres
Have cause to curse their maryners,
Fals of promys, and dissemblers,
That falsly them betrayed,
Which wold take no paine to saile farther
Than their owne lyst and pleasure ;
Wherefore that vyage and dyvers other
Suche kaytyffes have destroyed.
O what a thyng had be than,
Yf that they that be Englyshemen
Myght have ben the furst of all
That there shulde have take possessyon,
And made furst buyldyng and habytacion,
A memory perpetuall !
And also what an honorable thyng,
Bothe to the realme and to the kynge,
To have had his domynyon extendyng
There into so farre a grounde,
Whiche the noble kynge of late memory,
The moste wyse prynce the vij. Herry
Causyd furst for to be founde.
And what a great meritryouse dede
It were to have the people instructed
To lyve more vertuously,
And to lerne to knowe of men the maner,

And also to knowe God theyr Maker,
Whiche as yet lyve all bestly ;
For they nother knowe God nor the devell,
Nor never harde tell of hevyn nor hell,
Wrytynge, nor other scripture ;
But yet in the stede of God Almyght,
The honour the sone for his great lyggt,
For that doth them great pleasure :
Buyldyng nor house they have non at all,
But wodes, cotes and cavys small,
No merveyle though it be so,
For they use no maner of yron,
Nother in tole nor other wepon,
That shulde helpe them therto :
Copper they have, whiche is founde
In dyvers places above the grounde,
Yet they dyg not therfore ;
For, as I sayd, they have non yryn,
Wherby they shuld in the yerth myne,
To serche for any wore :
Great haboundaunce of woddes ther be,
Moste parte vyr, and pyne aple tre,
Great ryches myght come therby,
Both pyche, and tarre, and sope asshys,
As they make in the Eest landes,
By brynnynge therof only.
Fyshe they have so great plenté,
That in havyns take and slayne they be
With stavys, withouten fayle.
Nowe Frenchemen and other have founde the trade,

That yerely of fyshe there they lade
 Above an c. sayle ;
 But in the Southe parte of that contrey,
 The people there go nakyd alway,
 The lande is of so great hete!
 And in the North parte all the clothes
 That they were is but bestes skynnes,
 They have no nother fete ;
 But howe the people furst began
 In that contrey, or whens they cam,
 For clerkes it is a questyon.
 Other thynges mo I have in store,
 That I coude tel therof, but now no more
 Tyll another season.

Stu. Than at your pleasure shew some other thinge ;
 Yt lyketh me so wel your commyninge,
 Ye can not talke amys.

Ex. Than wyl I torne agayne to my matter
 Of Cosmogryfy, where I was err :
 Beholde, take hede to this ;
 Loo, Estwarde, beyonde the great occyan,
 Here entereth the see callyd Mediterran,
 Of ij. m. myle of lengthe :
 The Soudans contrey lyeth hereby,
 The great Turke on the north syde doth ly,
 A man of mervelous strengthe.
 This sayde north parte is callyd Europa,
 And this southe parte callyd Affrica,
 This eest parte is callyd Ynde ;
 But this newe landes founde lately

Ben callyd America, bycause only
Americus dyd furst them fynde.
Loo, Jherusalem lyeth in this contrey,
And this beyonde is the Red See,
That Moyses maketh of mencyon ;
This quarter is India Minor,
And this quarter India Major,
The lande of Prester John :
But northwarde this way, as ye se,
Many other straunge regions ther be,
And people that we not knowe.
But estwarde on the see syde,
A prynce there is that rulyth wyde,
Callyd the Cane of Catowe.
And this is called the great eest see,
Whiche goth all alonge this wey
Towardes the newe landis agayne ;
But whether that see go thyther dyrectly,
Or if any wylderness bytwene them do ly,
No man knoweth for certeyne :
But these newe landes, by all cosmografye,
Frome the Cane of Catous lande can not lye
Lytell paste a thousande myle :
But from those new landes men may sayle playne
Estwarde, and cum to Englande againe,
Where we began ere whyle.
Lo ! all this parte of the yerth, whiche I
Have here discryvyd openly,
The north parte we do it call ;
But the South parte on the other syde

Ys as large as this full, and as wyde,
 Whiche we knowe nothyng at all,
 Nor whether the moste parte be lande or see,
 Nor whether the people that there be
 Be bestyall or connyng ;
 Nor whether they knowe God or no,
 Nor howe they beleve, nor what they do,
 Of this we knowe nothyng.

Lo ! is not this a thyng wooderfull ?

How that— [*Et subito Studyouse Desire dicat.*]

Stu. Pese, syr, no more of this matter !

Beholde where Humanyté commeth here.

Sen. How sey you, maister Humanyte ?

I prey you have ye not be meré,
 And had good recreacyon ?

Hu. Yes, I thanke the therof every dell,
 For we have faryd mervelously well,
 And had good communycacyon.

Ta. What, how, maister ! where be ye now ?

Sen. What ! I shrewe the ! what haste hast thou,
 That thou spekyst so hye ?

Ta. So hye, quod a ? I trow ye be mad, by saynt Gyle !
 For dyd ye not ere whyle
 Make poyntment openly,
 To come agayne all to supper,
 There as ye were to day at dyner ?
 And yet ye poynted not playne
 What mete that ye wyll have drest,
 Nor what delycates ye love best.
 Me thynke you farre oversayne.

D

- Hu.* As for myne owne parte I care not ;
Dresse what mete thou lovest, spare not
What so ever thou doest best thynke.
- Ta.* Now if ye put it to my lyberté,
Of all metes in the worlde that be,
By this lyght I love best drynke.
- Sen.* It semyth by thy face so to do,
But my maister wyll have mete also,
What so ever it cost.
- Ta.* By God, syr, than ye must tell what.
- Hu.* At thy discredessyon I force nat,
Whether it be soden or rost.
- Ta.* Well, syr, than care not ! let me alone ;
Ye shall se that all thyng shall be done,
And ordeyned well and fyne.
- Hu.* So I require the hertely,
And in any wyse specyally,
Let us have a cuppe of newe wyne.
- Ta.* Ye shall have wyne as newe as can be,
For I may tell you in pryvyté,
Hit was brued but yester nyght.
- Hu.* But that is nothyng for my delyte.
- Ta.* But than I have for your apetyte,
A cup of wyne of olde claret ;
There is no better, by this lyght !
- Hu.* Well, I trust the well i-nowe.
- Ta.* But on thyng, if it please you nowe,
Ye se well I take mucche payne for you,
I trust ye wyll se to me.
- Hu.* Ye, I promyse the, get the hens,

And in this matter do thy-dylygence,
And I shall well rewarde the.

Sen. Bycause thou lokyst for a rewarde,
One thyng for the I have prepared,
That here I shall the gyffe.
Thou shalte have a knavys skyn,
For to put thy body therin,
For terme of thy lyfe !

Ta. Now gramercy, my gentyll brother ;
And therfore thou shalt have another,
For voydyng of stryfe.

Sen. Nowe, farewell, gentyll John !

Ta. Than farewell, fole, for I am gone!

Sen. Abyde, torne ones agayne! harke what I sey!
Yet there is another thyng
Wolde do well at our maisters wasshyng.

Hu. What thyng is that I the prey.

Sen. Mary thus, canst thou tell us yet
Where is any rose water to get?

Ta. Ye, that I can well purvey,
As good as ever you put to your nose,
For there is a feyre wenche callyd Rose
Dystylleth a quarte every day.

Sen. By God! I wolde a pynt of that
Were powryd evyn upon thy pate,
Before all this presence.

Ta. Yet I had lever she and I
Where both togyther secretly
In some corner in the spence ;
For, by God, it is a prety gyrle!

✓ It is a worlde to se her whyrle,
Daunsynge in a rounde;
O Lorde God! how she wyll tryp!
She wyll bounce it, she wyll whyp,
Ye clene above the grounde!

Hu. Well, let all suche matters passe, I sey,
And get the hens, and goo thy way
Aboute this other matter.

Ta. Than I goo streyght; lo! fare ye well.

Sen. But loke yet thou remember every dell
That I spake of full ere.

Ta. Yes, I warrant you, do not fere.

[*Exeat Taverner.*]

Hu. Goddis Lorde! seist not who is here now?
What, Studyous Desire! what newis with you?

Stu. Ye shall knowe, syr, or I go.

Sen. What, art thou here? I se well, I,
The mo knavys, the worse company.

Stu. Thy lewde condycyons thou doest styll occupy,
As thou art wont to do.

Hu. But I sey, who is this here in presence?

Stu. Syr, this is the man callyd Experiens,
That I spake of before.

Hu. Experyens! why, is this he?
Syr, ye ar ryght welcome unto me,
And shall be evermore!

Ex. Syr, I thanke you therof hertely,
But I assure you feythfully
I have small courage here to tary,
As longe as this man is here.

Sen. Why, horson! what eylyst at me?

Ex. For thou hast ever so leude a properté,
Science to dispyse, and yet thou art he
That nought canst nor nought wylt lere.

Sen. Mary, avaunt, knave! I make God avowe,
I thynke myselfe as connyng as thou,
And that shall I prove shortly!
I shall put the a questyon now; come nere,
Let me se how well thou canst answer:
How spellest this worde *Tom Couper*
In trewe artografye?

Ex. *Tom Couper*, quod a? a wyse questyon herdly!

Sen. Ye, I tel the agayne yet, *Tom Couper*, how spell-
Lo! he hath forgotten, ye may se, [yst it?
The furste worde of his *a b c*.
Harke, fole, harke, I wyll teche the,
P. a—pa.—t.e.r—ter—do togyther Tom Couper.
Ys not this a sore matter?
Loo! here ye may se hym provyd a fole!
He had more nede to go to scole,
Than to come hyther to clatter.

Stu. Certeyne, this is a solucyon
Mete for suche a boyes questyon.

Hu. Sensuall Apetyte, I prey the
Let passe all suche tryfles and vanyté
For a wyle, it shall not longe be,
And departe, I the require;
For I wolde talke a worde or two
With this man here, or he hens go,
For to satisfy my desyre.

Sen. Why, Goggis soule! wyll ye so shortly
Breke poyntment with yonder company,
Where ye shulde come to supper?
I trust ye wyll not breke promys so.

Hu. I care not greatly yf I do,
Yt is but a taverne matter.

Sen. Than wyll I go shew them what ye sey.

Hu. Spare not, if thou wylt go thy wey,
For I wyll here tary.

Sen. Than adew, for a whyle, I tel you playne,
But I promyse you, whan I come agayne,
I shall make yonder knavys twayne
To repent and be sory!

Ex. Nowe I am full glad that he is gone!

Stu. So am I, for good wyll he do none
To no man lyvyng.
But this is the man with whome ye shall
I trust be well content with all,
And glad of his commynge;
For he hath expownyd connyngly
Dyvers poyntes of cosmogryfy,
In fewe wordes and shorte clause.

Hu. So I understande he hath gode science,
And that he hath by playne experience
Lernyd many a straunge cause.

Stu. Ye, syr, and I say for my parte,
He is the connyngest man in that arte
That ever I coude fynde;
For aske what questyon ye wyll do,
Howe the yerth is rounde, or other mo,

He wyll satysfye your mynde.

Ex. Why, what doute have ye therin founde?
Thynke ye the yerth shulde not be rounde?
Or elles howe suppose ye?

Hu. One wey it is rounde I must consent,
For this man provyd it evydent ;
Towarde the eest and occydent
It must nedis rounde be.

Ex. And lykewyse from the south to north.

Hu. That poynt to prove were sum thanke worth.

Ex. Yes, that I can well prove,
For this ye knowe as well as I,
Ye se the North Starre in the skye,
Marke well, ye shall unethe it spye
That ever it doth remove.
But this I assure you, if you go
Northwarde an hundreth myle or two,
Ye shall thynke it ryseth,
And how that it is nere aproched
The poynt over the top of your hed,
Whiche is callyd your zenyth.
Yet yf ye go the other wey,
Southwarde x. or xij. dayes journey,
Ye shall then thynke anon
It discended, and come more nye
The sercle partynge the yerth and skye,
As ye loke streyght with your eye,
Whiche is callyd your oryson ;
But ye may go southwarde so farre,
That at the last that same starre

Wyll seme so farre downe ryght,
Clere underneth your oryson,
That syght therof can you have non,
The yerth wyll stop your syght.
This provyth of necessyté
That the yerth must nedis rounde be,
This conclusyon doth it trye.

Hu. Nowe that is the properist conclusyon
That ever I herde, for by reason,
No man may hit denye.
But, sir, if that a man sayle farre
Upon the see, wyll than that starre
Do there as on the grounde?

Ex. Ye, doutles, sayle northwarde, ryse it wyl,
And sayle southwarde, it falleth styl,
And that provyth the see rounde.

Stu. So dothe it in myne oppynyon ;
But knowe you any other conclusyon
To prove it rounde, save that alone?

Ex. Ye, that I knowe ryght well ;
As thus : marke well whan the see is clere,
That no storme nor wave theron doth pere,
This maryners can tell ;
Than if a fyre be made on nyght
Upon the shore, that gyveth great lyght,
And a shyp in the see farre,
They in the toppe the fyre se shall,
And they on hache nothyng at all,
Yet they on haches be nerr :
Also on the see, where men be saylynge

Farre frome lande, they se nothyng
 But the water and the skye ;
 Yet whan they drawe the lande more nere,
 Than the hyll toppes begyn to apere,
 Styll the nere more hye and hye,
 As though they were styll growynge faste
 Out of the see, tyll at laste,
 Whan they come the shore to,
 They se the hyll, toppe, fote and all ;
 Whiche thyng so coude not befall,
 But the see lay rounde also.

Hu. Methynketh your argument somewhat hard.

Ex. Than ye shall have it more playnly declared,
 If ye have great desyre ;
 For here, loo! by myne instrumentis,
 I can shew the playne experimentes.

Hu. Therto I you requyre.

Ex. With all my herte it shall be done ;
 But for the furst conclusyon,
 That I spake of the fyre,
 Be this the seey that is so rounde,
 And this the fyre upon the grounde,
 And this the shyp that is here ;
 Ye knowe well that a mannes syght
 Can never be but in a lyne ryght.

Hu. Just you say that is clere.

Ex. Marke well than ; may not that mannis eye

[*A few leaves are here wanting.*]

Yng. With argyng here theyr folyshe.....

That is not worth iij. strawes.

I love not this horeson losophers,
Nor this great connyng extromers,
That tell how far it is to the sterres ;
I hate all maner connyng!
I wolde ye knew it, I am Ignorance!
A lorde I am of gretter pusans
Than the kyng of Yngland or Fraunce,
Ye the grettyst lord lyvyng!
I have servauntes at my retynew,
That longe to me, I assure you,
Herewith in Ynglande,
That with me, Yngnorance, dwell styll,
And terme of lyfe contynew wyll,
Above v. c. thowsand.

Sen. Gogges naylys, I have payed som of them, I tro.

Yng. Why, man, what eylyth the so to blow?

Sen. For I was at a shrewd fray.

Yng. Hast thou any of them slayn, than?

Sen. Ye, I have slayn them every man,
Save them that ran away.

Yng. Why, is any of them skapyd and gone?

Sen. Ye, by gogges body, everychone,
All that ever were there.

Yng. Why than, they be not all slayne.

Sen. No, but I have put some to payne,
For one horeson there was that torned again,
And streyght I cut of his ere.

Yng. Than thou hast made hym a cutpurs.

Sen. Ye, but yet I servyd another wors!
I smot of his legge by the hard ars,

As sone as I met hym there.

Yng. By my trouth, that was a man

Thou sholdest have smyt of

Than he shold never have tro

Sen. Tushe! than I had ben but n

For there was another man t

Smyt of his hed before!

Yng. Than thou hast quyt the lyk

Sen. Ye, that I have, by this lygh

But, I sey, can you tell me n

Where becam my maister?

Yng. What, he that you call Hum

Sen. Ye.

Yng. I wot never, except he be

Hyd here in some corner.

Sen. Goggys body! and trew ye s

For yonder, lo! beholde, ye n

Se where the mad fole doth

Yng. Now on my feyth and treuth

Hit were evyn great almys

To smyte his hed from his b

Sen. Nay, God forbed ye sholde

For he is but an innocent, lo

In maner of a fole.

For as sone as I speke to hy

I shall torne his mynde clen

And make hym folowe my s

Yng. Than byd hym ryse, let us k

Sen. Now, ryse up, maister Hudd

Your tayle totyth out behyne

Fere not, man, stande up by and by ;

I warrant you ryse up boldly!

Here is non but is your frynde.

Hu. I cry you mercy, maister dere!

Yng. Why, what is cause thou hydest the here?

Hu. For I was almoste for fere,

Evyn clene out of my mynde.

Sen. Nay, it is the study that ye have had

In this foolyshe losophy hath made you mad,

And no nother thyng I wys.

✓ *Yng.* That is as trewe as the gospell!

Therfore I have great mervell

That ever thou wylt folowe the counsell

Of yonder two knavys.

Hu. O syr; ye know ryght well this,

That when any man is

In other mens company,

He must nedes folow the appetyte

Of such thynges as they delyte

Som tyme amonge, perdy!

Yng. But such knaves wold alway have the

To put all thy mynd and felicité,

In this folysh connyng to study ;

Which if thou do, wyl make the mad,

And alway to be pensyf and sad ;

Thou shalt never be mery.

Sen. Mery, quod a? no, I make God avow!

But I pray the, mayster, hark on word now,

And aunswere this thyng ;

Whether thought you it better chere,

At the taverne where we were ere,
Or elles to clatter with these knaves here
Of theyr folysh cunnynge?

Hu. Nay I cannot say the contrary,
But that I had mych myryer company
At the taverne than in this place.

Sen. Than yf ye have any wyt or brayn,
Let us go to the taverne agayn,
And make some mery solace.

Yng. Yf he wyll do so, than doth he wysely.

Hu. By my troth, I care not gretely,
For I am indyfferent to all company,
Whether it be here or there.

Sen. Then I shall tell you what we wyll do ;
Mayster Yngnorans, you and he also
Shall tary both styll here,
And I wyll go fet hyther a company,
That ye shall here them syng as swetly,
As they were angelles clere ;
And yet I shall bryng hydyr another sort
Of lusty bluddes to make dysport,
That shall both daunce and spryng,
And torne clene above the grounde
With fryscas and with gambawdes round,
That all the hall shall ryng!
And that done, within an howre or twayn,
I shall at the towne agayne
Prepare for you a banket
Of metys that be most delycate,
And most pleasaunt drynkes and wynes ther-ate,

That is possyble to get,
Which shall be in a chamber feyre,
Preparyd poynt devyse
With damaske water made so well,
That all the howse therof shall smell
As it were paradyse.

And after that, if ye wyll touche
A feyre wenche nakyd in a couche
Of a softe bed of downe,
For to satisfye your wanton lust,
I shall apoynt you a trull of trust,
Not a feyrer in this towne!
And whan ye have taken your delyte,
And thus satisfied the appetyte
Of your wyttis fyve,
Ye may sey than I am a servaunt
For you so necessary and pleasaunt,
I trowe non suche alyve!

Hu. Nowe, by the wey that God dyd walke,
It comforthe myne herte to here the talke,
Thy mache was never seyn!

Yng. Than go thy wey by and by,
And brynge in this company,
And he and I wyll here tary
Tyll thou come agayne.

Hu. And I prey the hertely also.

Sen. At your request so shall I do.
Lo! I am gone, nowe farewell!
I shall brynge them into this hall,
And come myselfe formast of all,

And of these revellis be chefe marshall,
And order all thyng well!

Yng. Nowe set thy hert on a mery pyn ✓
Agayns these lusty bluddes come in,
And dryve fantesys away.

Hu. And so I wyll, by Hevyn Kyngel
If they other daunce or syngel,
Have amonge them, by this day!

Yng. Than thou takyst good and wyse weys,
And so shalt thou best plesse
All this hole company;
For the folyshe arguynge that thou hast had
With that knave Experiens, that hath made
All these folke therof wery;
For all they that be nowe in this hall,
They be the most parte my servauntes all,
And love pryncypally
Disportis, as daunsynge, syngynge,
Toys, tryfuls, laughynge, gestynge;
For connyng they set not by.

Hu. I se well suche company ever more,
As Sensuell Appetyte is gone fore,
Wyll please well this audyens.

Yng. Ye, that I suppose they wyll;
But pease, harke! I prey the be styll,
I wene they be not far hens.

[*Then the dauners without the hall syng this wyse, and
they within answer, or ellys they may say it for nede.**]

* Here follows some blank music in the original. The song
at p. 48 is set to music.

THE DAUNTERS AND SENSUAL.

Pease, syrs, pease now! pease, syrs, all!

HUMANYTE AND YNGNORANS.

Why who is that so hye doth call?

THE DAUNTERS.

Sylence, I say, be you among,
For we be dysposyd to syng a song.

HUMANYTE AND YNGNORANS.

Come in, then, boldely among this presens,
For here ye shall have good audyens.

Tyme to pas with goodly sport,
Our sprytes to revyve and comfort,
To pipe, to singe,
To daunce, to spring,
With plesure and delyte,
Folowing Sensual Appetyte,
To pipe, &c.

Yng. I can you thank; that is done well;
It is pyté ye had not a mynstrell
For to augment your solas.

Sen. As for mynstrell, it maketh no force,
Ye shall se me daunce a cours
Without a minstrell, be it better or wors;
Folow all! I wyll lede a trace.

Hu. Nowe have amonge you, by this lyght!

Yng. That is well sayd, be God Almyght!
Make rome, syrs, and gyf them place.

*[Than he syngyth this song and dauncyth with all, and
evermore maketh countenaunce accordyng to the mater;
and all the other aunswer lyke wyse,]*

Daunce we, daunce we, prauunce we, prauunce we,
So merely let us daunce ey, so merely, &c.

And I can daunce it gyngerly, and I, &c.

And I can fote it by and by, and I, &c.

And I can pranke it properly,

And I can countenaunse comely,*

And I can kroke it curtesly,

And I can lepe it lustly,

And I can torn it trymly,

And I can fryske it freshly,

And I can loke it lordly.

Yng. I can the thanke, Sensuall Apetyte!

That is the best daunce without a pype,

That I saw this seven yere.

Hu. This daunce wold do mych better yet,

Yf we had a kyt or taberet,

But alas! ther is none here.

Sen. Then let us go to the taverne agayne,

There shall we be sure of one or twayn

Of mynstrelles that can well play.

Yng. Then go, I pray ye, by and by,

And purvey some mynstrell redy,

And he and I wyll folow shortly,

As fast as ever we may.

Hu. Therwith I am ryght well content.

Sen. Then wyll I go incontynent,

And prepare every thyng

That is metely to be done;

* A very old MS. note here says, "Sensuall Appetite must syng thys song, and hys cumpany must answer hym lykewyse."

And for lacke of mynstrelles the mean season,
 Now wyll we begyn to syng.
 Now we wyll here begyn to syng,
 For daunce can we no more,
 For mynstrelles here be all lackyng ;
 To the taverne we wyll therfore.

Et exeunt cantando, &c.

Hu. Now yf that Sensuall Appetyte can fynd
 Any good mynstrelles after hys mynd,
 Dowt not we shall have good sport.

Yng. And so shall we have for a suerté:
 But what shall we do now, tell me,
 The meane whyle for our comfort.

Hu. Then let us some lusty balet syng.

Yng. Nay, syr, by the Hevyn Kyng!
 For me thynkyth it servyth for no thyng,
 All suche pevysh prykyeryd song!

Hu. Pes, man, pryksong may not be dispysyd,
 For therwith God is well plesyd,
 Honowryd, praysyd and servyd
 In the churche oft tymes among.

Yng. Is God well pleasyd? trowst thou therby?
 Nay, nay, for there is no reason why,
 For is it not as good to say playnly,
 Gyf me a spade,
 As gyf me a spa, ve, va, ve, va, ve, vade?
 But yf thou wylt have a song that is good,
 I have one of Robyn Hode,
 The best that ever was made.

Hu. Then, a feleshyp, let us here it.

Yng. But there is a bordon, thou must bere it,
Or ellys it wyll not be.

Hu. Than begyn and care not to.....
Downe, downe, downe, &c.

Yng. Robyn Hode in Barnysdale stode,
And lent hym tyl a mapyll thystyll;
Than cam our lady and swete saynt Andrewe.
Slepyst thou, wakyst thou, Geffrey Coke?
A c. wynter the water was depe,
I can not tell you how brode.
He toke a gose nek in his hande,
And over the water he went.
He start up to a thystell top,
And cut hym downe a holyn clobe.
He stroke the wren betwene the hornys,
That fyre sprange out of the pygges tayle.
Jak boy, is thy bowe i-broke?
Or hath any man done the wryguldry wrage?
He plukkyd muskyllys out of a wyllowe,
And put them into his sachell!
Wylkyn was an archer good,
And well coude handell a spade;
He toke his bend bowe in his hand,
And set hym downe by the fyre :
He toke with hym lx. bowes and ten,
A pese of befe, another of baken.
Of all the byrdes in mery Englonde,
So merely pypys the mery botell!

NATURE.

Well, Humanity, now I see playnly

That thou hast usyd muche foly,
The whyle I have ben absent.

Hu. Syr, I trust I have done nothyng
That shold be contrary to your pleasyng,
Nor never was myne intent;
For I have folowed the counsell clere,
As ye me bad, of Studyouse Desire,
And for necessyté amonge
Somtyme Sensuall Appetytes counsell,
For without hym, ye knowe ryght well
My lyfe can not endure longe.

NATURE.

Though it be for the full necessary
For thy comfort somtyme to satysfy
Thy sensuall appetyte,
Yet it is not convenient for the
To put therin thy felycyté,
And all thy hole delyte:
For if thou wylt lerne no sciens,
Nother by study nor experiens,
I shall the never avaunce;
But in the worlde thou shalt dure than,
Dyspyed of every wyse man,
Lyke this rude best Ygnoraunce!

[*The original here ends imperfectly.*]

NOTES.

P. 1, l. 16. For *Naturae* read *Naturate*.

P. 4, l. 23. *Men count hym but a daw.* That is, a fool.
"Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw," 1 Henry VI, ii. 4,
Malone's Shakespeare, xviii. 61.

P. 8, l. 1. *Eterne*: everlasting. It occurs twice in
Shakespeare. See Macbeth, iii. 2, ap. Malone, xi. 154.

P. 8, l. 22. For *etherall* read *ethereall*.

P. 8, l. 28. *Commyx*. That is, to mix together, to mingle.

P. 9, l. 1. *Eftsonys*. That is, immediately.

P. 10, l. 6. *Bestyall*. That is, animal. This word is not
always used by early writers in a bad sense. By "bestial
oblivion," Hamlet refers to the want of intellectual reflection
in animals there applied to human beings. Still more
clearly in Othello, "I have lost the immortal part, sir, of
myself, and what remains is bestial." Even "bestial
appetite in change of lust," Richard III, may be similarly
interpreted.

P. 13, l. 26. *Prynt well in thyne hert.* Establish or fix
firmly in thy mind.

Why doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?

Much Ado about Nothing, iv. 1.

P. 17, l. 15. *Babelyng*. Childish chatter.

P. 17, l. 25. *Let the wyde world slide wynde*. Similar to the phrase, "let the world slide," Taming of the Shrew.

P. 26. In the original, the two last speeches commence at the wrong places.

P. 39. The work of Copernicus appeared in 1543, but the author's silence on the new theories of that astronomer can scarcely be considered an argument one way or the other in the question that has been raised respecting the date of the interlude. Even Recorde, in 1556, who appears to have been one of the earliest Copernicans in this country, dared only to allude to it, and thus prefaces his observations on the subject,—“But as for the quietnes of the earth, I neede not to spende anye tyme in proving of it, syth that opinion is so firmelye fixed in moste mennes headdes, that they accompt it mere madnes to bring the question in doubt; and therfore it is as muche follye to travaile to prove that which no man denieth, as it were with great study to diswade that thinge which no man doth covette, nother any manne alloweth; or to blame that which no manne praiseth, nother anye manne lyketh,”—*Castle of Knowledge*, 1556. There is no scientific advance in the play on what we find in the very curious poem of the time of Edward I, printed in Wright's Popular Treatises on Science, 8vo. 1841.

P. 44, l. 4. *I cry you mercy*. A very common old phrase, equivalent to *I beg your pardon*.

P. 46, l. 3. *Poynt devyse*. That is, with great exactness, complete in every respect. “You are rather *point-device* in your accoutrements,” As you Like It, iii. 2.

The wenche she was full proper and nyce,
Amonge all other she bare great price,
For sche coude tricke it *point devioe*,
But few like her in that countree.

The Miller of Abington, n. d.

P. 46, l. 8. *Nakyd*. This passage is not so licentious as might be supposed, for night linen had not then become in general use.

A dolefulle syght the knyghte gane see
Of his wyfe and his childir three,
That fro the fyre were flede;
Alle als nakede als thay were borne
Stode togedir undir a thorne,
Braydede owte of thaire bedd.

Romance of Sir Isumbras, 102.

P. 49, l. 14. *This seven yere*. A common proverbial expression, occurring in Shakespeare, and other writers.

O, the body of a gorge,
I wold I had them heare;
In faith, I wold chope them,
Thay ware not so hack this seven yeer!

Marriage of Witt and Wisdome, p. 33.

P. 51, l. 5. *Robyn Hode in Barnysdale stode*. The songs here quoted are very curious. Mr. Gutch does not seem to have been able to obtain a copy of the one relating to Robin Hood.

7. 7



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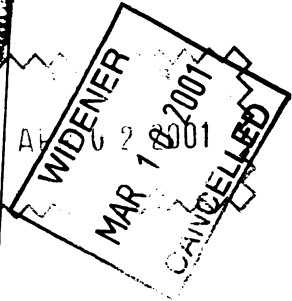
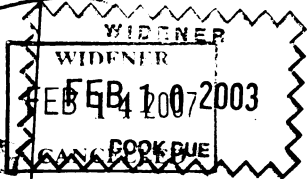
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